Supernatural, Sam/Gabriel/Lucifer, NC-17, threesome/little bit of claiming/handporn for kikijun

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It was his body Lucifer wanted, and so Lucifer's going to get as much of Sam as he'll ever want.

And Gabriel - Gabriel loves irony and he loves Sam and he loves dealing out just desserts, so -

Lucifer's the one who takes it, the one who gets pushed down and fucked into the mattress whenever they feel like it, and if he has a problem with that - well, he does, but - Gabriel's there to make sure he won't renege on his promise, and Sam's not about to change the dynamic anytime soon.

Sam's biting Lucifer's neck, fingers wrapped around his chest and he's squeezing his nipples too tightly, tugging on them, and Lucifer's moaning helplessly, hips bucking back against him. It's Sam's favorite position: him buried in Lucifer, Gabriel sucking Lucifer down and the Devil himself insensate between them.

Sam thrusts again, licking over his bites and savoring the moans Lucifer's making.

"Good?" He asks, voice husky, and he tugs Lucifer's hair back so he can kiss him.

"I'd say so," Gabriel comments from Lucifer's lap, and Sam takes a moment to admire the way he's flushed. He reaches down and rubs a thumb over Gabriel's lips, and is gratified to have Gabriel mouth and suck at the finger.

Lucifer squirms on his lap, and Sam just fists a hand in his hair. "Hold still," he orders, focused on how Gabriel's working on his fingers now, and Lucifer is going to have to wait.

Gabriel nips and lifts his head, climbing up to kiss Sam. It's hot and good and Sam can hear Lucifer whimper (is that a whimper?) under them.

"Should we let him...?" Sam asks Gabriel.

"Up to you," Gabriel hums, fitting his hands over Sam's rear, kneading.

It's a good answer, Sam thinks. He threads fingers through Lucifer's hair again and bites his ear. "Alright," he murmurs. "Go ahead." He thrusts his hips to punctuate the words, and there: that's the groan he was waiting for, and Gabriel's leaning in to kiss him again, hot and filthy and Sam comes with an open mouth and with Lucifer's weight on him.

He lets Gabriel lead his hands down and jerks off his archangel, even as he rests his head on Lucifer's shoulder.

Gabriel finishes, leaving a mess on Lucifer's stomach, and then they all tip to the side, curling around and over each other, and Sam won't comment on how cuddly Lucifer gets after sex, and he'll always be happy to tuck Gabriel under his chin.

"Happy?" Sam whispers to Gabriel.

"You betcha," Gabriel answers, and Sam doesn't miss how he rests a hand on Lucifer's head.